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SUB SUB HUMAN

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film buff demon

Twelve

IT'S ONLY A MOVIE

AMERICA'S STRANGEST
film fanzine





SUBHUMAN

eccentric film
and video kulture

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VEH/MAH HUM

for mature readers



fast foreword

Fest off, apologies are in order to all friends & subscribers for the four-month hiatus; we've experienced between issues of **SUBHUMAN** most recently. Explanations of my turmoil would most likely bore you to tears and would do little to mend the frustration expressed to me by a mere handful of you. Sorry for the long absence and I vow to never let this happen again, honest! Things are swingin' again and we're geared to give you much more of what we've been known for. Glib Psycho Babble at its finest! So adjust that chair, pillow or toilet facility you're nestled against and prepare to flex those eyeballs for another session with one of America's Strangest Film Fanzines.

The thematic tone of this issue was purely unintentional. Until finally layed-out, I hadn't realized that films and anecdotes about "movie-scripts" dominated the majority of this particular number. Kris Gilpin offers his review of the seldom seen Dennis Hopper classic, **THE LAST MOVIE**, as well as his first installment of a Serialized Badfilm-Script we'll be running for awhile (unless too many of you write in and whine about it), and then Greg Goodsoil reveals **CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE SLEAZE SCREENWRITER**. It appears the West Coast end of contributions set the tone for this issue. Around all that, we've got reviews of some early 70's Sleafies by regular, David Dodge and newcomer to our pages (but longtime active member of Fandom that many may remember from his contributions in pioneering movie newsletter, Jim Morion's **TRASHOLA**), the remarkable Mr. Pat Hollis, cartoons by Jim Smith and Michael C. Dana (who regularly doodles for **FESTERING BRAINPORE** and his own new zine entitled **ANGELFUCK**), a couple of recent, extremely low budget video and film products reviewed by your editor, two or three ads of course ... your letters.

Speaking of mail, I recently received a note from a feature writer for **THE WASHINGTON TIMES** who was researching horror movie publications for an article he was doing for the paper. He requested copies of our humble little rag and I promptly obliged. However, when a copy of the zine arrived recently, I couldn't help noticing

the near total omission of our zine, save an excerpt from Jeff Smith's infamous suggestions for sicko friends **MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY** (See **ESSENTIAL SUBHUMAN**). This negligence wouldn't have bothered me normally since all "newspaper people" tend to turn their noses up to our chilly sexed-out look and "tasteful" subject matter as unworthy of any sort of mainstream coverage. But this guy sends a message along stating "call me thin-skinned but the racial humor rubs me the wrong way. Makes me think I'm not welcome as a reader" ... well, ... fuck, you're not a **SUBHUMAN** reader if you can't take a joke! Just because we're published in the cotton-pickin' South, (right in the heart of Jimmy Swaggart country, corrupt politics, pedophile Catholic priests and former KKK Wizards in the Legislature) this does not make myself nor my contributors (who all hail from all Four Corners and Back Alleys of this Great Land o' Ours) the slightest bit racist. This guy appears to be merely another of the jelly-spined numbers of the Mighty Offended who manage to get into the Media on a daily basis. Everyone with a Big Mouth is all "offended" these days ... which is about as I find offensive in the News nowadays. Eat Shit and Die Muthafucka! It's obvious our Washington writer is a little more than "thin-skinned" ... and I ain't just whistlin' Dixie, either.

Jack Stevenson has been keeping active lately putting together the mammoth **PAN-DEMONIUM 3** due out soon (see ad on page 15) and it sounds like it's going to be the book to own this year. Recently, Jack lovingly weaved **THE SQUEAKY FROMME SCRAPBOOK**, a very limited-run collection of photos, newspaper clippings and letters that chronicle "an American Original" in the spirit of **PAN**, most definitely. This is one "Red"-hot book, Charbel! You should write Jack and inquire on the availability of this and other incredible publications he's peddling (like the blessed **FILM AS A SUBVERSIVE ART**, a rare masterpiece published in 1974 written & compiled by Amos Vogel). J. Stevenson, 171 Auburn St., #11, Cambridge, MA 02139.

BUY THIS STUFF!

Sincerely,

Jeff Smith

**BACK
AT
LAST!**



THE LAST MOVIE

by **Kris Gilpin**

In Hollywood, after a young filmmaking upstart hits pay dirt with a film, brain dead producers will offer him the world to helm his next project — anything he wants. And so it was that these producers (who wouldn't know a hip filmic idea if it bit them on their fat, rich asses) gave millions and millions to Michael Cimino after *THE DEERHUNTER*; likewise, Dennis Hopper was sent to Peru and given free rein to make *THE LAST MOVIE* (based on a story by him and Stewart Stern) following the great success of *EASY RIDER*. A couple years ago an editor at Universal told me that gobs of footage would come in from Peru every couple weeks, and that he wouldn't know what the images meant, or even where they belonged in the script!

Don't get me wrong: I love Hopper's stuff. Always have, always will. The basic storyline (shooting script by Stern) is terrific: An American film crew invades Peru, shooting a Billy the Kid Western (Dean Stockwell is Billy, and B-movie maker Sam Fuller plays the director). After they pull out, a stuntman stays behind (Hopper, named Kansas. The actor, in fact, was born in Dodge City), to live with a local beauty and pan for gold with his buddy Don (THE BEAST WITHIN Gordon, who gives a good, passionate performance. Some of the local Peruvian cretins make "cameras" and "boom mikes" out of bamboo and wire, having been biting by the moviemaking bug, and "shoot" flashlights and action of their own. Deciding they need a big finish, they eventually nab Kansas and kill him for the climax of their mental motion picture. (Dennis Hopper dies for Hollywood's sins.)

Great shit, huh? Problem was Hopper's abstract directorial style, bizarre crosscutting and sporadic storyline: perhaps this was partly an attempt to fill out a rather basic idea for a feature-length film to begin with. Universal exec's saw it, filled their Pampers (ha ha on you guys!) and released only a handful of prints in L.A., New York and one in Miami, where I saw it years ago. With no more money spent on advertising, the film died hard in those cities of course, and the studio shelved it forever (cut versions ran on late night TV under the name *CHINCHERDI*). Recently, one L.A. theatre brought it back for a week-long run; hopefully, it'll hit videotape soon.

It's as if the film was structured in thirds, the first being the film crew's invasion of the land; the title card "*THE LAST MOVIE*" isn't even supered into the picture until 25 minutes of the way through the film, after the movie people leave the town. This first part features countless cameos from Hopper friends such as Peter Fonda, Henry (SITTING DUCKS) Jaglom, Tony Basil, Kris Kristofferson, Severn Darden, John and Michelle (Mamas & the Papas) Phillips, whom Hopper married for about one week. Was this a case of "Hey, dudes, come to Peru and let's party"? Well, some people had to fill these faces (which look rather hippie-fied, this was 1971, remember) and as long as Universal was footing the bills, why the hell not?

Clashes of cultures occur in the middle part of the movie, as Kansas sits with his babe and tells her how he'd like to "build a hotel on that barren plateau, with cable cars." She herself can only think of that refrigerator she's been longing for. They then go out for a night on the town with Don Gordon and a rich American couple; the wife is played by sexy Julie (CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON) Adams. Kansas' main squeeze looks on at the decadent, drunken Yanks, as Hopper frenches Adams in front of everyone, and they all later go to a whorehouse to witness a lesbian act in the same room. Adams and Hopper finally make it later, as she dominates him, slapping his face while making him get on his knees; this action is prefaced by her running an arm of her fur coat over his mouth, asking him lasciviously "What does that remind you of?"

Any semblance of cinematic order falls apart completely in the third act, as jump cuts and jagged editing (resulting in convoluted, displacing tangents) abound; full, long, actionless outtakes are even stuck into the film, totally dissolving the already dis/reappearing narrative flow. As '70's style, acoustic (read: dipshit) music plays on the soundtrack, we see unedited shots of people sitting around on location, apparently staring out of the frame at the real-life film crew waiting for some direction as to what to do. Hopper even sticks in a couple feet of "SCENE MISSING" leader randomly throughout the film (i.e. Shots of a baby are juxtaposed with close-ups of a shot and bloodied Kansas, waiting to be killed, as a mother's breast squirts milk in his face).

Hopper blends the line between real life and reel life (a major theme in the film, of course) to the point where, after a long, dramatic build-up, he never gets around to properly giving us an ending to his movie! We never see an actual sequence in which Kansas is killed by the Peruvian assholes (let's face it, what made these grown men think they were actually making movies with a bamboo camera containing a lantern? You don't have to be a film student to realize, after a while, that this is futile). The best I can figure, that moment came when Kansas broke free from his tormentors and ran before falling down, as if shot in the back (this shot is run unedited, from two different camera angles, so that we see Hopper the actor lie still on the ground for a couple seconds, then get up and spit the dust from his mouth, as he brushes himself off and walks out of frame). There is also an apparently improvised moment left in the film in which, after a couple minutes, Hopper touches his bare shoulder (in which he was "shot" earlier), looks into the camera and says, "Wait a second, fellas, I don't even have my fuckin' scar on!"

Hopper lets his feature fall apart at the end, which is somewhat frustrating after expectations of a pay-off for the viewer for having worked with this difficult film thus far. (In an example of how not to cut a film, we see a long, improvised scene between Hopper and Gordon (whose character had long since shot himself off-camera after their gold deal fell through), talking about their search around a campfire one night. We then cut to a couple feet of black film leader, upon which the word END is scratched. The credits then roll silently, and THE LAST MOVIE is over.) But perhaps this was Hopper's intent, to say that moviemaking is all make believe anyway, and none of it really matters. (Why, though? How the fuck should I know?) One assumes Hopper wouldn't take a studio's millions just to deliver an unfinished film without a reason; what studio would let him direct after that?

As it turned out, the critics (those parasitic scum) killed those test screenings, and Hopper wasn't allowed to direct again until he inherited the helm of the inaturally off-beat OUT OF THE BLUE a dozen years later. To view his LAST MOVIE again today, one sees it's not nearly as reprehensible as the critics first claimed (the Medveds turkeyed it out, too — give me a break), it being (as it sounds) part fascination, part mess. (The picture was photographed — sometimes beautifully while, in other moments, it being shaky and out of focus — by the great Laszlo Kovacs, and there is also comparatively little dialogue in the film.) THE LAST MOVIE is a must, though, for film students, Dennis Hopper completists and eccentric film fans. When else can you recall a filmmaker purposely not bothering to finish his movie?



SUBHUMAN continues to be a unique (yet fun) publication. I hope you and Dawn can keep it up for a long time. I enjoyed your comments in FAST FORWARD, as they echo mine (enough with the Review Zines!); SH is anything but a cookie-cutter fanzine.

Cris Miranda's comments in where HI-TECH TERROR and GORE GAZETTE originate, cracked me up! Your lettercol seems to cause people to reveal their innermost thoughts. I'm a closet GOREFEST fan myself.

Jeff Leiberman returned with REMOTE CONTROL. Smith provided a good over view to Leiberman's brilliant with horror. Zalman King went on to appear behind the camera (thank God). Goodsell could discuss a phone book and I'd enjoy reading his interpretation. SUBHUMAN has a clear point-of-view and I, for one, support it wholeheartedly. Cecil, don't fuckin' change.

Creig Ledbetter
Kingwood, TX

They call it dressing for the occasion or murder; my typewriter and I are in, like, a sorta major equable - result, I stuck it in another room and put a box of FLIPSIDES on it . . . Maybe going off a roof soon or at least to spend time in pawn . . . just slammed my first beer of the morn; does alot to pacify theories of alienation — next trick, walk into a bank tied up with concealed weapons — News of 10 — There is nothing more terrifying than stupidity . . . I once used to read and noticed mention of your future artifacts in print . . . here's a 6-pack for your publication.

Freddy the Bastard
Gainesville FLA

To set the CD straight: I am not Kirk Gilpin — honestly, I've nothing against the man but I wouldn't imagine he'd want to be confused with me either. Thank you.
Kris Gilpin
Hollywood, CA

Please send SUBHUMAN.
My goal is ultimate freedom,
Sexual Force Reigns.
My Household is Slaves and Masters.
C.V

William Tucker
Chicago IL

You know an issue is heading in the right direction when the editor reveals to his readership a charming anecdote about the length of one of his school chum's toes. So why did I feel let down when I finished browsing Jim Smith's cartoons?

Was it the well intended but ultimately under-researched article on Jeff Leiberman or the personal but overlooked poem by Kris Gilpin? These two pieces brought down the level of brilliance set by the marvelous issue 10. The Greg Goodsell reviews were alot of fun especially since I remember seeing HITCH HIKE TO HELL years ago. The wedge into Meyersville was OK but most of it seemed pretty familiar (could I have read DUNGEON 13?) The Rusty Nails review is how I like it done — cool — hip and to the proverbial point. Let's see more of this guy if ain't Kris, is it? Has anyone ever commented on how cool Mr. Doyle's handwriting is — why do you need Madonna? The letters column was the best read — hey, everyone lay off Mr. X . . . the guy was just increasing his technical know-how, last I heard, he said he was working for some professional called um . . . a . . . Read Yeah, J. Reed. It's good to see Paul DeCirce has broken his umbilical relationship with the glossy Fango-mindfuck-school of thought and is appreciating the other less glamorous side of celluloid. It appears myself and David R. Williams were the only ones who enjoyed the SCUM PEOPLE piece and I await the arrival of Gilpin's IMBECILICUS. Is anyone joining W.A.W.A.M other than me? Bring back the sleaze for issue 12.

Ant Timpson
22 Marama Ave.
Epsom, Auckland
New Zealand



Seven into Seven

The Editorial in SUBHUMAN # 11 was nice to see, inasmuch as within the last few months you haven't seemed to be revealing much about yourself. I suspect that my rants were partially the inspiration, although if so, you seem to be taking me more seriously than I've been taking myself. One of my habitual complaints is that you've been leaving so much of my stuff on the back burner, but hell, the motives are obviously pretty much utilitarian and some might say self-centered, although in the latter area, it doesn't bother me at all as I see nothing wrong with an outspoken self-centeredness which still respects others as human beings.

For awhile, Jeff Lieberman was on his way to becoming an object of great admiration with connoisseurs of the obscure. BLUE SUNSHINE and SQUIRM made a favorable impression even on horror fans who had heretofore worshipped the 30's and 40's and regarded anything made after 1950 (unless it was from Hammer) with skepticism. Until its video release, JUST BEFORE DAWN had apparently been seen by very few people, so it didn't become a "cult film" as soon. Jeff is right that Lieberman was anything but a copycat - a fiercely individualistic mogul who might have joined ranks of Romero and Cronenberg had he stuck around. Alas, he abruptly dropped out of sight, leaving the promise of a unique brand of low-budget quality dangling in mid-air. About six months ago, I read somewhere that he had done a little-known SF film titled REMOTE CONTROL. I've read two reviews of this film but both were negative, however.

Dave Szurek
Detroit, MI

It makes for a fine day when I get a new issue of SUBHUMAN. It's almost as good as a READER'S DIGEST day (just kidding). SUB # 11 was another good issue - especially Kris Gápin's article on Russ Meyer. Hey Kris, how about an update article and/or interview with the wonderful Mr. Meyer?

Another favorite article this issue was Jeff Smith's piece on Jeff Lieberman who seems to have vanished. I saw SQUIRM when it first came out, at a drive-in. Before the movie started, it was very windy with lightning but luckily no rain. The wind loosened an aluminum sheet (about 5' x 6') from the top side of the screen. It went gliding down and sailed about 3 feet above a convertible car a couple of lanes in front of us. We almost saw a double decapitation before the movie! Now, that's entertainment! And SUBHUMAN is in the same league of entertainment and I'm more happy because of that.

Mike Phillips
St. Albans, W.V.

SUB # Fast Forward makes me stop and think (yeah, I know, Surprise Surprise!). Not about the pathetic circulation of Horror Film nowadays but of the Future! In say, 15 years, where will the horror film be? Let's hope it's not FRIDAY THE 13th, PART 14 either. In order to logically answer this question, let's examine all possibilities. Most obvious is the fact someone will always be out to make the \$\$\$ - even on Christ's day, mercenaries were about. Let's call these mercenaries . . . Directors. Now, where did they sell their cheap trinkets? Where did they sell their whores, slaves and precious animals for slaughter? Did they sell them in a grimy little piss-hole in an alleyway? Did they sell them in a stuffy little bungalow? NO! So where did the "Directors" sell their goods? They sold them in a place so sacred, so contradictory to their goals, that the thoughts of it makes one sick. They sold their crap in . . . Temples! Temples of holy and good became temples of decay and schlock! Let's call these temples Theatres.

So the Directors sold their schlock in Theatres and the people . . . oh, the people . . . who arrived at the Theatres to sacrifice and pay . . . and indulge in the Lord's mercy and love . . . what did they find? Garbage . . . crap . . . films, let's say. And who were these unfortunates who were to be exposed to this Film-selling calamity? People . . . Patrons. The Patrons came to Theatres to find mercenary Directors who suckered them into Schlock Films. They dared to flaunt their cheap goods in a place so sacred as a Theatre. What did the People/Patrons do?

Nothing.
Nothing, that is, until one day, a man came from the Sun, out of nowhere, prepared to rebel and nurture the Film back into the beauty that it once was, and should be. This is the Picture. A group, let's call them the MPAA (I don't like Romans), had a feeling that this ray of Sun might rebel against their perfect operation of money-making . . . but God, this man was good. He began to change everything. Miracles! Miracles! The Theatres cleared; Film began to improve . . . and then, the MPAA took this sunshine . . . and nailed it. Crossed it. Ridiculed it. The man was broken down. The spirit had won. A giant victory for the physical death. But, who really was this Man That Saved Film? Who was this Courageous hero, in search of wholesome quality love . . . and achieved it? Who could be such a hero? Let's hope . . . let's pray to God, that one such hero can be you.

Paul V. DeCice
Syracuse, NY

DARK DREAMS review by David Dodge

Those flesh merchants at VCA Video are determined to impress potential buyers and renters that this is no mere shot-on-video slime being passed off as an "adult film" but a 355mm film production. Well, of course it is — they weren't doing direct-to-video shit in 1971. And it's one helluva time piece. Subliminal editing, disjointed cutaways and a folk rock psychedelic soundtrack complete with atonal sounds and weirdness — yup, it's a relic from those times where porn, "skinflicks", exploitation and that dreaded bugaboo the "art film" were synonymous with each other. Not to mention Pretense. There's a lengthy prologue where a daffy-looking hag concocts a potion while the camera pans back and forth across a mass of vials and bottles full of ugly things as a narrator babbles away about witchcraft as if this were some serious exploration of the Occult. A pair of newlyweds fool around in their "just married" vehicle as it cuts to hardcore footage later seen in full detail, something which occurs repeatedly. A flat tire and no spare has them knocking on a mansion door in search of a phone. The blide makes a crack about a witch possibly residing there just before the bespectled hag seen earlier welcomes them. Their hostess brews some drugged tea. More cutaways and the guests consume their slipped nicknaks and the hag seems to have been transformed into a blonde the groom fornicates with. A hippie in a monk's robe and an insomnia on his forehead carries off the entranced bride ad fondles her in a candle-lit room. A gang-bang sequence flashes by. Plenty of sex scenes which reveal the groom has ugly-looking body hair in the damnest places. The camera pans and zooms across the sleeping, barely-clothed bride as the panting of a dog is heard. She awakes to see a canine darting out of the room. Shower sex. Bondage induced by a bearded baldy. Lesbo action. The groom's in the living room looking distraught. In close-up, the hag stares straight at the camera as she tells him he's a man of unlimited virility who does it with a wife she labels as frigid and tries to convince into sacrificing for The Coven. Throughout this one-sided chat, those two aren't once seen in the same shot. Hubby has whipped-cream coated sex with a black 'yn. The hooded hippie returns. The bride goes back into a trance. He clothes her in a frilly dress as the horrid hostess brews another potion. After a wedding veil is placed on her head, the zombie bride is besieged by the skinhead and a woman. After some jump cutting, Hubby joins the gang bang. Then everything, more or less, comes into a full circle when it's back to the newlyweds banging on the mansion door and that dumb crack about a witch in residence. When the hag greets them, the bride screams in close-up. Credits appear. Among the cast listed is Tina Russell, a porn regular who reportedly fell victim to cancer. Watching dead porn stars fuck is a chic pastime for many these days and adds an appropriately morbid tone to this montage of sexual sorcery. But there isn't anything in this film as arousing as the sight of Hajj, the forest nymph frolicking about and brewing her virility-inducing blood potion in Russ Meyer's GOOD MORNING . . . AND GOODBYE. And there wasn't a single muff or cock shot in the whole picture!

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Remember those Fundamentalist, right-wing religious propaganda programs that were a prevalent mainstay of Sunday morning television (particularly down here in the South)? Alongside "Davey and Goliah" and "Faith For Today", these short, lecturous features were designed to enlighten Christian populations to the problems and evils facing contemporary society. Now these naive epics are the subject of parody in the debut feature from director Norm Orschorschki (**FORCED ENTRY**). Originally beginning as a student film project some five years back, Orschorschki gradually completed 99.9 percent all on his lonesome, shooting the thing on Super-8 film and 1/4" videotape on a budget of about \$7000. Now available and nicely packaged on VHS or Beta, this 45-Minute program makes a bold attempt to merge suburban perennials with contemporary, subversive tongue-in-cheek humor and William Castle-esque scare devices. The premise consists of a commentator, the Rt. Honorable Justice Jim "Stonewall" Jackson, Chairman of the Lynchburg Neighborhood Vigilance Committee, commenting on a filmed re-enactment of a young girl being abducted in broad daylight by a band of drug-crazed degenerates. The experience (filmed from the victim's point-of-view in the "amazing new process of VictiVision") is intercut with warnings and pointless interruptions from Justice Jackson and hallucinatory montages accented by "Shock a Rama", a buzzing sound effect that will make the unaware possibly shut all over their collective selves. These film segments are excellently edited and directed...one could swear he were watching a bonafide 60's docudrama for awhile. However, the narration eventually becomes annoying and even willful. Great technique with poor material gives one the feeling that this feature is some perverted cousin of Saturday Night Live's "Mr. Bit" quickies. Though promises of subversive propaganda and viewer-discretion fill the cassette's cover, you could probably let your grandmother watch this before dozing off and fear-not for her peace-of-mind in Slumberland. Orschorschki promises more projects for the future and I feel his ability as filmmaker will eventually not something truly inventive...if only his material were better. For now, I can get tons more laughter from the actual programs he parodies. Available for \$28 each (specific format) from Norm Orschorschki Films, Executive Penthouse Suite No. 61, 2124 Kiltredge Street, Berkeley, CA 94704.

IT'S ONLY A MOVIE TIE VIDEO--#1

On a much lower budget, Michael Flores of the infamous Chicago Psychotronic Film Society has slapped together the first installment of the video version of brother-zine, **IT'S ONLY A MOVIE**. Made for under \$100, Flores hosts the viewer through a partial look at his incredible movie poster collection, talks at length with Member —Del Close, interviews Dan Krogh who shares anecdotes and portions of the odder aspects of H.G. Lewis' filmmaking career, shows us a film on John Dillinger (complete with morgue footage) and spotlights Chicago's Splitter Theatre and local rockers The 3-D Invisibles! A truly spontaneous and fun production although the length of certain segments tend to go on and on for awhile. But if you subscribe to the Subgenus theory that "too much is always better than not enough", this cassette should make for one fairly entertaining couple of hours. A great addition to the Society's never-ending list of projects (the Women's Auxiliary of the PFS has a video coming out as well). Available for \$15.98 per VHS tape from: Michael Flores, PO Box 14663, Chicago IL 60614-0663.

REVIEWS from
The
EDITOR'S DESK



The Myth of the "Flesh Trilogy"



The following is the story of how this exploitation maven came to face the myth. It started simply enough back in 79-80 while reading the essential book on sex/porno "Sinema", by Ken Turan and Stephen Zito (Praeger 1974). In the chapter "Bloodlust — Ghoules, Roughies, and Kinkies" I read the following passage, "The team Anna Riva and Julian Marsh produced, wrote and directed the kinkies called 'Touch of her Flesh' and 'The Curse of her Flesh' — the latter one of the kinkiest of its kind, a revenge-rama in which a demented man arranges to kill off some people he does not care for. What is remarkable about the film is how the people are killed. The protagonist smears a cat's paw with poison and quickly drags the animal across the naked stomach of the woman with whom he has just had intercourse. The cat scratches the woman and she dies. Two women make love, and one is killed by a spring knife in the dildo her partner has inserted in her vagina. The protagonist marries a girl, and the morning after the wedding, kills his wife with the harpoon gun after watching a porno movie in which she masturbates a squash. The film ends with the castration of the hero by a machete-wielding fellow bent on revenge."

After reading this, I decided I had to find "Curse". Of course, in 80-81 video was not what it is today with virtually everything available commercially or underground. I also knew these weren't going to pop up at the neighborhood cineplex. The fire was further fueled when I found out that Julian Marsh and Anna Riva were in fact Mike and Roberta Findlay, who made some enjoyable hardcore porno starring C.J. Laing in the early 70's and the infamous "snuff" (a piece of shit movie, of course, but a great exploitation campaign).

So I began speaking with fellow collectors. Nobody had seen the films and the rumor was that the negatives were destroyed in producer William Mishkin's warehouse and lost forever. Not to be dissuaded, I knew that other supposedly lost films had eventually been found, when the interest in them was this high. The danger of course, is that when so many people are talking to each other, a myth grows independent of the actual worth of the film.

So now it's the summer of '88 and I hear Rick Sullivan of "Gore Gazette" has found them and is selling copies. I immediately send my money in anticipation of the movies I read about so long ago.

After 7+ years, my expectations are high. The B & W images flicker on the tube and as time passes, I'm sitting here watching, thinking I must be missing something because what I'm seeing is a poorly directed and looped film with hackneyed editing (although in fairness, this may be due to the time-hallowed practice of the projectionist trimming the parts they like).

But that notwithstanding, the plot is threadbare, the acting unbelievably stiff (no pun intended), and no blood, but the murders mentioned are innovative. Unfortunately, they're so poorly done or quickly seen as to leave no impact. There are some unintentional laughs but for the most part, "Curse" commits the ultimate sin — Boredom.

Oh well, so what if the movie was a boring piece of shit. As crazy as it sounds, I enjoy digging these obscurities up and occasionally find the gems. By the way, has anybody seen "Bad Girs Go to Hell" by Doris Wishman? I've been looking for it for years.

CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE SLEAZE SCREENWRITER

by **Greg Goodsell**

I was hanging around the local four-year college when something on a bulletin board made me stop and pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming.

SCREENPLAY WRITER WANTED

for Supernatural Horror
film like **NIGHTMARE ON ELM
STREET** and **EVIL DEAD**. Local
film production needs stories.

The little 3 x 5 card went on to list one "Jeff London (obviously a pseudonym)" and the address of an apartment on the east side part of town. No phone number was listed. It didn't sound that promising but for somebody like myself it seemed like *Manna from Heaven*. At last—this aspiring writer could stop bumping around doing graduate level work ("What is *Moby Dick*?") and fully concentrate on what truly interested him. My experience with video and directing my own film projects in school would be an added plus to this little enterprise. It was as if this little 3 x 5 card was meant specifically for me alone.

There was no Jeff London listing in the phone book with that specific address. I took a chance and called the only Jeff London listed in the book and got this incredibly drunk woman on the phone instead—"Never mind, Jeff, hon, wanna talk to little ol' me?" Some prodding later and the parties on the other end of the line said they hadn't placed the ad, and I was left in a quandry on how to contact London. An address was listed, and I could've driven over and thrown myself on his doorstep—probably not the best way to make a first impression. The only professional manner to conduct myself would be a query through the postal system.

The next day, on stationery emblazoned with the monster and the little girl playing by the lake as in the original version of **FRANKENSTEIN** (1931), something I've owned since the age of eleven, I wrote a brief letter stating my experiences, unproduced treatments, and enthusiasm for the genre. I gave both my work and home phone number and when I could be reached with a warning not to show up unannounced, vicious boss and vicious dogs the prespective reasons why.

Posting the letter, I waited for a reply. One week to the day I received a quavering voice over the phone identifying himself as London. I was off of work in a few minutes and asked for a number where I could reach him to discuss the project in greater detail. "Um . . . um . . . I'm only going to be at this number for a few more minutes, um, so hurry." He gave me a number to dial.

Reaching home, I dialed the number and got "London" on the line. He seemed very, very nervous. "Um, I like horror movies that really scare me, like **NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET** and **THE EVIL DEAD**." London was in a rush to get off the phone, so we agreed to meet at a local pub within walking distance of my house to talk. I was to wear my bold turquoise "Miami Vice" cargo shirt for him to recognize.

The next day at the pub, it would have been hard not to recognize me. Other than a besotted displaced English cockney at the bar, I was the only person there. A tall, blonde man with a surf-punk hairdo sauntered in. "Excuse me, I'm Greg Goodsell, you must be . . . ?"

London and I talked for over two hours about movies, script ideas, and personal experiences. London had previously acted on the stage and hung out in Los Angeles for a year "extra-ing" before he got tired of it. "Producing and directing films is where it's at," and he mentioned a few names that I knew who had equipment, facilities, and technical know-how. He used important buzzwords like "financing," rattling off various doctors and lawyers who were interested in bankrolling a feature film made by local people. I had no faith in his belief that he would get this project into the theatres; it would be a great accomplishment if we could put this on video and peddle it locally. But I was anxious to be a part of this production.

London seemed not overly familiar with the genre. Who is greatly inspired by **NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET**, for God's sake? "**REPULSION** (1965)? Um, what's that?" London seemed greatly protected from life in general. "A friend and I were walking around in a local cemetery. We were a few feet away from the car. A great, cold wind rushed over us as we ran to the car. It was by far the most frightening experience in my entire life!" What'a namby-pamby jerkoff. It was not so big a boost to my ego that when I told London my most frightening experience I had him almost dashing to the men's room. (That story is for a future article, novel, or movie I plan to write.)

London wanted to make an anthology film in the manner of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** (1972) with stories culled from real-life experiences. "Stories you would tell around a campfire." I told London my particular campfire favorite, reminiscent of a favorite low-budget horror **SLEEPAWAY CAMP** (1983). At an all-girls' camp, some bad girls want to venture out late at night to see what's shakin' at the boy's camp. There are rumors of an escaped axe-murderer prowling the woods, but the naughty girl campers decide to venture out after "lights out" anyway. The prim, proper girl campers advise them not to, and then spend the remainder of the night waiting for their colleagues to return. It's past two a.m., and the more adventurous girls have not returned. Helllo!—What's that noise issuing outside the cabin door? Plop, plop, dra-ag. Plop, plop, dra-ag. Plop, plop, dra-ag. Hysterical histrionics from the pajama'd adolescents culminate in them throwing back the heavy oak doors to see the self-styled slut of the group holding the dismembered remnants of her legs in her hands (Plop, plop), pulling her half-torso across the sandy forest floor (dra-ag)! The capper to this scene would be pulling the camera back to the cabin and not hearing terrified screams but the previous exhortations of the mutilated teen queen of "C'mon guys, don't be such a drag!" Get it? It suited my "producer's" mentality, so he told me to go ahead.

The script would be a suggestion of possibilities, to be followed by further discussions of format, etc. It was in fact to be my "audition" script. No salary was mentioned. I was to do it as soon as possible, and we would go over the project in greater detail as soon as it was finished. London gave me his aunt and uncle's phone number (a very bad sign for sure) in order for me to contact him.

Elated and excited to be working on an actual film project, I rushed right home and typed out the forty-plus page script in two and a half days. Call me prolific. It was very rough, with mostly just dialogue and suggested camera placement. The concentration was on the story. I fed the script in progress page-by-page to friends and neighbors jazzed to be witness to a "grade-Z" picture in the making.

Taking the completed script, I photocopied it, copyrighted it, and mailed it into London's address with a letter to call me at anytime to talk to me about the project.

And I waited. And I waited.

Calling his aunt and uncle's phone number, my pleas for him to contact me fell on unsympathetic ears. It was obvious that London was on the definite "outs" with his relatives. His aunt, in particular, was extremely surly; "No, he's not here right now!" Click! A month later of phone calls and his uncle laid it on the line, "Look, we haven't seen him, and you've been acting all "put-out", and we wish you would just stop calling!" Click.

Two weeks later I received a call at work. Same quavering voice. "Um, I'm not that pleased with the um, script, um . . ." Click. No phone number given.

The following day he calls me at home and said "Um, I'm not happy with the script, not because the writing is bad. It's excellent and professional and all, but I'm not sure I want to make an anthology horror film or a horror film any more. I . . . want to run this idea past you to see if you're still interested, but I can't talk right now, I can give you a call tomorrow if you'll be at home tomorrow at two."

My taxed patience with this miserable asshole had just about reached an end, but I was willing to give him one more try. The next day London calls me. "I want to make a film about these two guys who have been friends their entire lives, and they go into the mountains, and something happens that changes their lives forever. It can be them taking on the entire police department, discovering a UFO, lending off jewel thieves, or just something that changes their lives forever. Uh, I have to be going now—" By now it dawned on me that this London character was probably calling from phone booths or breaking into people's houses to use the phone or something of that sort. No permanent address, on the outs with his relatives, always going someplace, probably to evade creditors or the mob or something of that nature.

I sat down with a definite script and script treatment in mind when a picture of my collaborator came into sharp focus. This guy didn't even have a way for me to reach him and he had no real keen interest in reaching me. Always running off someplace with all this blood, sweat, and tears of mine going for naught. I couldn't fault London for his lack of professionalism as we were both amateurs. His lack of common courtesy, however, was staggering in the extreme. I did not really expect the film to go into production but hoped that this would be a valuable learning experience. As it stood, I would be grinding out scripts to have them vanish down a rabbit hole with maybe a two minute phone call to acknowledge its receipt. I abandoned the proposed script.

A few pathetic phone calls afterwards left at my house months afterwards that I believe were made by London was my only testimony that he was still out there and not rotting in some prison.

Life went on and I forgot this unfortunate debacle in time, chalking it up to experience. It's here the story gets weirdly ironic. Many of the fine films I review in **SUBURBAN** come from this funky video store that racists would call "In the brown side of town." I go in one fine Spring day and say hello to the saasy young black proprietor. "I've been breaking in these new employees. They work minimum wage, twenty hours a week, but they don't mind!" she laughs.

I see a somewhat familiar face peering out from behind the desk. "Excuse me hon, is that man behind the desk, in his first name 'Jeff'?"

"It shore is honey, it shore is!" the woman's voice giving way to peals of husky, rich laughter. It seems her new change has a soiled reputation known throughout town.

Jeff London, actor, writer, producer, director, clerking at this absolute shit-hole video store with a pleading, humiliated look on his face. As Gore Vidal stated about **MYRA BRECKINRIDGE** (1971), director Michael Sarne now waiting on tables, it just goes to show that there is justice in the world, and in nature, perfect symmetry. ♣

mailbag..... continued from page 202

I had a bit of a problem with your friend Ronnie's story about the huge bowel movement and how the teacher could have simply flushed it away and not subjected everyone to it. You should know life's not always that simple. Several years ago, my girlfriend lived at a boarding house which had one common bathroom per floor (about 6 apartments per floor). One neighbor in particular visited the bathroom only about once a week (for at least a half-hour session) and yes, the results were impressive - about the size of my forearm, crescent-shaped and rock hard. It was so hard, in fact, that it would not flush for three or four days when it started decomposing. This is not an isolated incident but a weekly occurrence. Most everyone would go downstairs and use the bathroom on the first floor rather than confront King Uncle in the toilet bowl. The smell was very distinct... but getting back to the perpetrator who birthed those monsters back at the boarding house; he was a loner, a white male in his late 20's, greasy hair - that's about all I remember. He always left carrying a briefcase. One day we followed him to the Engineering School at the University of Texas. Never did find out where he ate.

Randy Reeves
Dallas, TX

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IMBECILICUS

by
Kris Gilpin

INTRODUCTION: An impassioned plea: This is the first installment of a five-part (which still is unfinished) Shit Flick script I wrote as a goof for a Canadian fanzine on B movies called YECCH! Only the first two parts were ever printed. Since I know of at least three readers who do not like this sort of thing, Cecil & I are asking that everyone who happens to read the following please send in a postcard, saying "Yes" or "No" on the continuation of this serial script. That way SUB won't be filling pages with stuff people wouldn't want to read (and thus be wasting their money anyway). But if you find this silly thing amusing — indeed, if we have touched but only one heart out there — then our purpose in life has truly been fulfilled. So please cast your vote today (or tomorrow) and thank you (and the script gets better as it goes along, trust me). — K.G.

(This whole script is called: **IMBECILICUS! — THE SERIAL SCRIPT**)

INTERIOR: SPACE SHIP

We see three astronauts sitting in front of and studying a huge control panel full of knobs, dials, and levers. There's a tiny TV screen in one corner of the panel showing "Family Feud." There are scattered boxes from McDonald's lying around the cramped room. Bret checks one of the Happy Meal boxes.

BRET:

Hey! Who took my decoder ring?!

BART:

Boy, I hope they got Axl where we're gon'!

TURD: (Pause) All right! Who farted?

CUT TO:

Several days later. The three men have greasy stubbles on their faces and their uniforms are dirty.

BRET:

I can't believe those assholes forgot to give us a bathroom!

A transmission comes across a CB radio somewhere in this control panel.

TRANSMISSION:

Uh, breaker one-nine! This is the Labia Man breaking. Anyone there? Over.

Bart picks up a mike.

BART:

C'mon back, Labia Man! This is Columbia, and we got yeh!

TURD:

(To Bart) Get rid a him!

BART:

Uh, Labia Man, we're gone.

He turns off the CB.

CUT TO:

A PLANET'S SURFACE

The Columbia lands hard, the sound of furniture lumbering and glass breaking coming from inside the ship. A door opens, as bottles and beer cans and food wrappers are thrown out of the ship and onto the impeccably clean surface of the planet. The three men then disembark and roam the planet. Bret walks to one side of the ship and releases himself into a crater.

BART:

Oh, God! Look!

He points at a lone McDonald's which stands half-way across the long horizon.

BART:

Figures!

TURD:

Let's find the women, or equivalents thereof!

They are then faced by three local aliens, all of whom are wearing large Burdine's surf bags with holes cut on the sides for their antennae. One of them turns a knob on the inside of its hand as it speaks.

ALIEN:

Swah, lenuh, kreh.

Bret reaches into his collar for his throw-knife, but is quickly stopped by Bart.

BART:

Don't, honey! He's only adapting to our speech model!

BRET:

(Sofly) Well, if you say so, dear.

The two men gaze lovingly into each other's eyes, as Turd looks on in disgust. The alien stops turning the knob, then pushes it into his palm with a SNAP.

ALIEN:

So, what's up?

Turd steps up and confronts him face to face.

TURD:

I'm Bo Bo Bolinski from the planet Planetos. Come to save your world!

Bret and Bart laugh behind him, as Turd farts.

TURD:

No, but seriously...

ALIEN:

May I be candid?

TURD:

Please do.

ALIEN:

Your breath sucks!

The other two aliens laugh behind him.

TURD:

Well, we've been scumbag and hungry for the past three weeks.

The alien then extends a hand to Turd's shoulder.

ALIEN:

Let us come, and we'll provide for you!

They all then walk out of frame.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: ALIENS' HOME

The humans sit around a dinner table, along with several other aliens, all of whom look the same. There are also alien children running around wearing little Play World shopping bags. They are all feasting on Col. Sanders chicken.

BRET:

Boy, was I famished! All we had to eat out there were Ring Dings and Bosco!

ALIEN:

I'm glad you approve of our meal! The Colonel is a delicacy here!

BART:

(Looking around) Are you all family?

ALIEN:

(Proudly) We are all one family!

A second alien leans into Bart's ear.

SECOND ALIEN:

(Conspiratorially) Scientology, you know!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: BATHROOM

Turd stands outside the shower stall. The room is steamy from the spray of the hot water.

TURD:

(Disgustedly) C'mom, you twot! Hurry it up!

Bret and Bart are inhaling each other up in the shower, giggling.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: ALIENS' FAMILY ROOM

The three men are sitting with the adult aliens, smoking cigars. The humans are wearing large J.C. Penney shopping bags.

BRET:

(To the first alien) Boy, this is really livin', Al! **ALIEN:**

(Smiles) Please, call me Tostadal (Pseusa) We are a poor but proud planet, as you can see. (Looks at the man) And we know how to please!

Tostade then claps his hands, as three young alien girls enter the room. They are naked except for a strip of paper across each of their crotches which reads, "Sanitized for your protection." Turd's eyes bulge out as he drops his cigar into his lap.

TOSTADA:

These are my daughters, gentlemen! You may each pick a larvna to help lul you to sleep! And in the morning, we shall have a proper feast!



Jim Smith

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: TURD'S ROOM

He is entwined with one of the alien girls, as they lay upon a mattress on the floor.

TURD:

God! You've got more twists than Gumby!

He squirms around on top of her.

ALIEN GIRL:

There! You've found it!

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: BRET AND BART'S ROOM

The other two alien girls look at each other in bewilderment, as the two men hold each other tightly between them.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR: ALIENS' HOME

About two dozen aliens are crammed around the breakfast table, pounding the table for food. They all then cheer as several alien women enter with huge pots of steaming food.

TOSTADA:

Let us thank the humans for this food!

The alien women start mixing the plates on the table.

CHILDREN:

Oh, goody! Fried eyeballs! With scalp cakes!

TOSTADA:

Don't forget the intestine rings! Eat hearty!

FADE OUT. . . . to be continued

video voice



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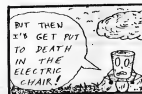
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